Right on the peak, and you are there almost before you realize it, stands Paddy Knob fire tower; verily a sentinel of the sky. The knob is cleared and once there the world lies at your feet. In all directions, three hundred and sixty degrees of the compass you can sweep the horizon with your eye; witnesses of sight being the only limitation to the sweep of the distance. Your writer has had the pleasure of many mountain climbs in your own state and among the Alps of Europe but this is the only cathedral spire of God's making that he has ever visited from which the entire panoramic sweep of the horizon is yours for the taking.

I have heard that other points resemble it but are remote and inaccessible. Here is a spot only three miles from a hard-surface highway and linked to it by a road narrow but good. (Blow your horn loud and frequently on the way up.) I understand that some day an improvised skyline drive connecting Cheat with White Sulphur may pass that way and sure as shooting that view alone would attract thousands if you acquaint yourself with it and then tell of it to others.

We wish we could have seen inside the tower but in this out-of-the-forest-fire-season it was securely locked. I understand that it is compact and snug for housekeeping. When the wind started blowing your writer would probably come down from there for there must be some very noticeable sway to that steel bower.

"Rock-a-bye Baby" would be a theme song very much in order, undoubtedly.

To the CCC boys goes credit for the hastily but well built

road already mentioned and already work has begun on a link of that Skyline Drive which is sure to be a wonder. Here in the clouds distances fool you. Who called Washington, D. C., the City of Magnificant Distances? He had never been to Paddy Knob. Down the slope and through the brush we spied the new road in the making and walked towards it. After a distanee twice that which we anticipated we reached it and hailed those we left at the tower. The cry reached through the clear ozone but I was fooled when I thought I could hurl a rock the space we had come.

X

Inventory of Materials

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Title: Giant Hawthorne

Author: Clyde P. Montgomery Date Submitted: Length: 340

Status: Editor:

Contents: Hawthorn Trees standing in Cranberry Glades, Pocahontas Co.

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Folder:

Nelle Y. McLaughlin
Second Ave.
Marlinton, W. Va.

[illegible] 9, 1940.

POCAHONTAS COUNTY
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CHAPTER4- Sec. 4- part a- Ques. 5

THE HILLSBORO COMMUNITY.

The town of Hillsboro is located in a rich and beautiful valley. It is two and one-half miles from the nearest railroad station called Seebert, and named in honor of a family by that name that settled here in the wilderness in the early days. Hillsboro was named for Richard Hill, the pioneer from North Carolina, who built his home on a good farm in the neighborhood of Lobelia. His house was an unusually good one for that age. It was built of hewed logs, and the space between the logs was filled with mortar or mud and then whitewashed. It had three porches, two tall chimneys, and eight rooms. Hills Creek was named for Mr. Hill and because of his sterling worth, will sing of his glory as long as its waters flow. The creek flows through a narrow channel which increases its velocity until it plunges over a precipice sixty or more feet and creating the falls of Hills Creek.

Bruffey's Creek named after the first settler, John Bruffey, son of Patrick Bruffey, the pioneer, a revolutionary soldier under General Wayne, unites in time to flood with Hills Creek where their waters sink under Droop Mountain to appear again in the lower end of the Little Levels. Hills Creek forms Locust Creek and empties into the Greenbrier River. Many of the numerous progeny of Richard Hill founded their homes in the Hillsboro Community.

Nelle Y. Mclaughlin
Second Ave.
Marlinton, W. Va.

Dec. 9, 1940.

POCAHONTAS COUNTY
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The majority of the people of the Hillsboro Community are of the Scotch-Irish descent, their chief pursuits being agriculture and stock raising. Many fine herds of cattle and sheep, from time immemorial, have been prepared for the eastern markets and at the present time the farmers are becoming aroused to the importamce of pure bred stock.

Hillsboro has always been a religious and educational center. In extracts from the journal of Rev. Francis Asbury we find that in the years 1788, 1790 and 1796, he made three evangelistic tours through this section of the country coming up through Greenbrier County each time and being entertained and preaching at the home of McNeel in the Little Levels, going from there to the Drinnom home in the Edray neighborhood. His course led from there to Cloverlick down through Tygarts Valley in Randolph County enroute to Morgantown. At the McNeel home lively religious discussions were indulged in by the whole community.

Oak Grove Presbyterian Church was organized in the year 1793. The early records of the church were lost and no one remembers when it was built. A substantial brick structure was later built southeast of Hillsboro, where the cemetery is still kept up. The most distinguished ministers who served this church from 1820 to 1872 were Rev. Joseph Brown, Rev. Wm. G. Campbell, Rev. John S. Blain, Rev. Mitchell D. Dunlap, and Rev. D. S. Sydenstricker.

The new church, a frame building, was built in the town of Hillsboro, where the present church is now located, in the early ministry of Dr. D. S. Sydenstricker. He was

succeeded by Rev. J. C. Johnson. The frame church was torn down in 1910 and a new church was built. A new brick church now occupies the site and bears the name "Oak Grove Church" in memory of the pioneer church although surrounded by a maple grove.

In the early part of the eighteenth century a very important educational work flourished in what was then the village of Hillsboro. Under the supervision of Rev. Jos. Brown the brick Academy was built and contained one large central room and two wings. The name of Hillsboro was abandoned in deference to that of "Academy", so strong was the school's influence on the minds and hearts of the people. In recent years the old name Hillsboro has been restored to the town.

M. A. Dunlap of Poca City, Oklahoma, remembering conversations heard in the home of his uncle Rev. M. D. Dunlap, thinks the first teacher ever in the Hillsboro Community was a man by the name of Keenan, who taught more than a hundred years ago. This teacher was considered a very learned man from the fact that he could read and write, and had figured in the arithmetic as far as the rule of three. The next teacher was the Rev. John S. Blain, a Presbyterian preacher, a teacher, and a physician. Next came Rev. Joseph Brown whose gentle Christian spirit greatly endeared him to the people. It is thought that as he was instrumental in building the new brick building that he was the first teacher within its walls. Rev. M. D. Dunlap succeeded him and taught from 1835 to 1845. His school had a wide reputation among

his pupils and enjoyed the patronage of the Lewises and Irwins of Kanawha County. The were also pupils from Fayette, Greenbrier, Monroe, Bath, and Highland Counties. He taught throughout the entire year and sought the aid of the more advanced pupils, notably, Rev. Wm. T. Price and Rev. James Haines.

Mr. Kelso of Pennsylvania, and Miss Priscilla Ramsey of Augusta County, Virginia, taught one session, and after the close of school were married, and went to western Pennsylvania to conduct a boarding school. Rev. Daniel A. Penick filled the position of teacher one year, boarded at Colonel Paul McNeel's, and the following autumn married the latter's eldest daughter. Rev. Emerson taught two sessions, boarded at Colonel McNeel's and made a compass that ran a perfect line from the McNeel gate to the Academy. Miss May Sprinkle taught in the home of Colonel McNeel the first year of the Civil War and was bethrothed to John Burgess the first man from this community to be killed by the Northern soldiers in their initial raid through this country.

From the foregoing, it is easy to understand why so many notable people came from this fime institution of learning. The lives of Mr. Harmanius Stulting and family deserve special mention. They were natives of Holland, and to escape religious persecution, came to this country when it was in its infancy. They were valuable additions to the social life of the community and through their piety accomplished much good in this land of their adoption. Mr. Cornelius

Stulting , eldest son in the family, was a fine teacher for many years, and died not so many years ago. Mrs. Carrie Stulting Sydenstricker, a daughter of the family, gave her life as a missionary in China, being sent as a member of the Oak Grove Church. She was the wife of the missionary, Andrew Sydenstricker and the mother of the famous novelist, Pearl Buck.

The first permanent settler in the Hillsboro community was John McNeel of Frederick County, Virginia. He came here in the year 1765.

John McNeel built the White Pole Church on the hill set apart for the McNeel cemetery, the first church in the community.

In the northern section of the Hillsboro community we have Mill Point, a small industrial village, including within its limits proper a store, a blacksmith shop, two flour mills, and three homes. Just above the village is a wonderful spring. The spring gushes forth so abundantly that it forms a miniture cataract. The water is so pure and cold that it is called the Blue Spring. There is a tradition that herds of buffalo formerly gathered in the valley facing the spring and drank from this water, and that it was from the stamping of the buffalo that "Stamping Creek" derived its name. Two of the tribes of Indians that frequented this region were the Ottawas and the Shawnees. Pontiac and Cornstalk were among their leaders. The death of the Bridger boys is the most dramatic story or Indian cruelty we know or in connection with the Mill Point fort.

The people who live in the Hillsboro Community are; the McNeels, Beards, Clarks, Morrisons, Clendenens, Bruffeys, Hills, Moores, Clutters, Auldridges, Harpers, Kinnisons, Wades, Lewises, McCartys, McCoys, Smiths, Cackleys, Ruckmans, McLaughlins, and others.

Pocahontas County

Lillian Belcher

History of Edray Community
(by S. B. Moore)

Edray Community is bounded on the west by Stony Creek range of mountains; on the north by Elk Mountain, to the top of Slippery Hill on the Clover Creek road, then to the Bridger place on the Greenbrier river where Paul Sharp now lives; on the South by the top of river ridges, including the Fairview and Brush Settlements, to the top of Drinnon Ridge where the State road crosses and to Elmer Sharp's at the foot of Stony Creek Mt.

This community is about five miles wide where the State Road crosses, and ten miles long from east to west.

The Drinnons were the first settlers in Edray Community. Thomas Drinnon settled near the Edray Grave yard. There is some difference of opinion as to the exact spot where the Drinnon Cabin stood, but I feel sure it was on the bank just close to the grave yard. A spring under the bank has always, since my earliest recollection, been called the "Drinnon Spring." Other proof is an old appel orchard, trees of large size, mostly winter apples, near the spot where the Cabin stood. My father Isaac Moore went to this orchard in the fall with the wagon for winter apples when I was a small boy, though large enough to pick apples from the ground. My uncle, Robert Moore, and his boys always called this field the "old orchard Field," and it goes by that name yet. A part of this field belongs to A. R. Gay and the other part belongs to William M. Sharp's heifs, all of which once belonged to Thomas Drinnon, first settler in this community. He owned a large boundary of land several thousand acres that extended form Indian Draft to Stony Creek. Drinnon's Ridge took its name from the old settler, an everlasting monument.

Drinnon's home was broken up by the Indians. His wife was captured and taken away and murdered somewhere in Elk Mountain. Charles Drinnon a brother of Thomas Drinnon, settled near Onoto. He cleared a field which bears the name "Charly Field which is now owned by Anderson Barlow.

The Drinnons all left this country many years ago. I remember seeing James